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CANTO

TO

A CANTER:

OR,

The Pulpits Complaint.

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Room for a Canter in Religions guise,
 With Cambrick-band, long Cloak, and cockt-up Eyes.
 Who can with piteous Tears and Cries beguile,
 Surer than does th'Egyptian-Crocodile,
 Yet at's gull'd Audience, in his sleeve does smile.
 Whose Prayers, in such rude lowdness still are said,
 As if the God was deaf, to which he pray'd.
 Unto whose Iron-lungs and throat of brass,
 But a small-reed, loud Stentor's wind-pipe was.
 Who like the Ocean when the winds do blow,
 Does from soft murmurs, into roaring grow,
 And nothing forth but mire and dirt does throw.
 You'd think the Sea had taught him how to pray,
 He roars and beats his Desk, the self-same way,
 With brinish foam, washing his Cushion o're,
 Then falling back for zeal he can't do more.
 As if the Pulpit were of Walnut-tree,
 He beats it, that more fruitful it may be.
 Whilst his Religious thrashing in his Cloak
 Doth like th'Egyptian Copties Service look,
 Who never in their Churches sit or kneel,
 But in the painfull st postures worship still.
 But now the Glass is turn'd, and Hems make way,
 And bid the Brother-hood prepare to Pray.
 And now with face so sowr he does appear,
 As if hee'd been Baptiz'd in Vinegar ;

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Or

Or as his Looks should some resemblance hold
 With the *Jews* bitter Sacrifice of old.
 Into such *Mimick-postures* he does scrue
 His face, enough to make his Audience spue.
 Now does the tedious Exercise commence,
 Where canting Phrase proclaims his Eloquence,
 And rudely Elbows out poor modest Sence.
 For the first long half hour, like Herald he,
 How great he is, acquaints the Deitie.
 Then with their Sins they are severely dous'd,
 And in Repentance pickle sharply sous'd.
 The Glass still run, but it did run so slow,
 Thought I, Time flies not here, it scarce doth go.
 With Head declin'd, I did for sleep compose,
 Having of's Opium took too large a Dose.
 Could they not better Watch than Peter keep,
 The t'other Glass had laid them all to sleep.
 By his long-Prayer I did conclude, that he
 Was of that Sect the *Jews* call'd Pharisee,
 Both old Acquaintance of Hypocrisie.
 Six Staves of Hopkins beat me up at length,
 But prais'd be Morpheus, I had gain'd new strength
 To hear the Sermon, which I don't retain,
 The Sower sow'd such lamentable grain,
 Yet of their barrenness did still complain.
 Strong was his Desk, else it had surely been
 Crusht to the ground, by his grand load of Sin.
 Who to be Learned thought, fathers a Lye
 On Austin, Bernard, and St. Hillary.
 And when he aims at Sence, doth always vent
 More foolish Bulls, than e're the Popedome sent
 Into the World ; nor ever Sermon makes,
 But strait turns Vagrant, and the Text forsakes.
 Something of Alms and Bounty he did Preach,
 Things by Example which he ne're will teach ;
 Those fruits hee'd have, only i'th' Peoples reach.
 The only lesson which I bore from thence,
 Was, that A Mad Dog's Medicine's Patience.